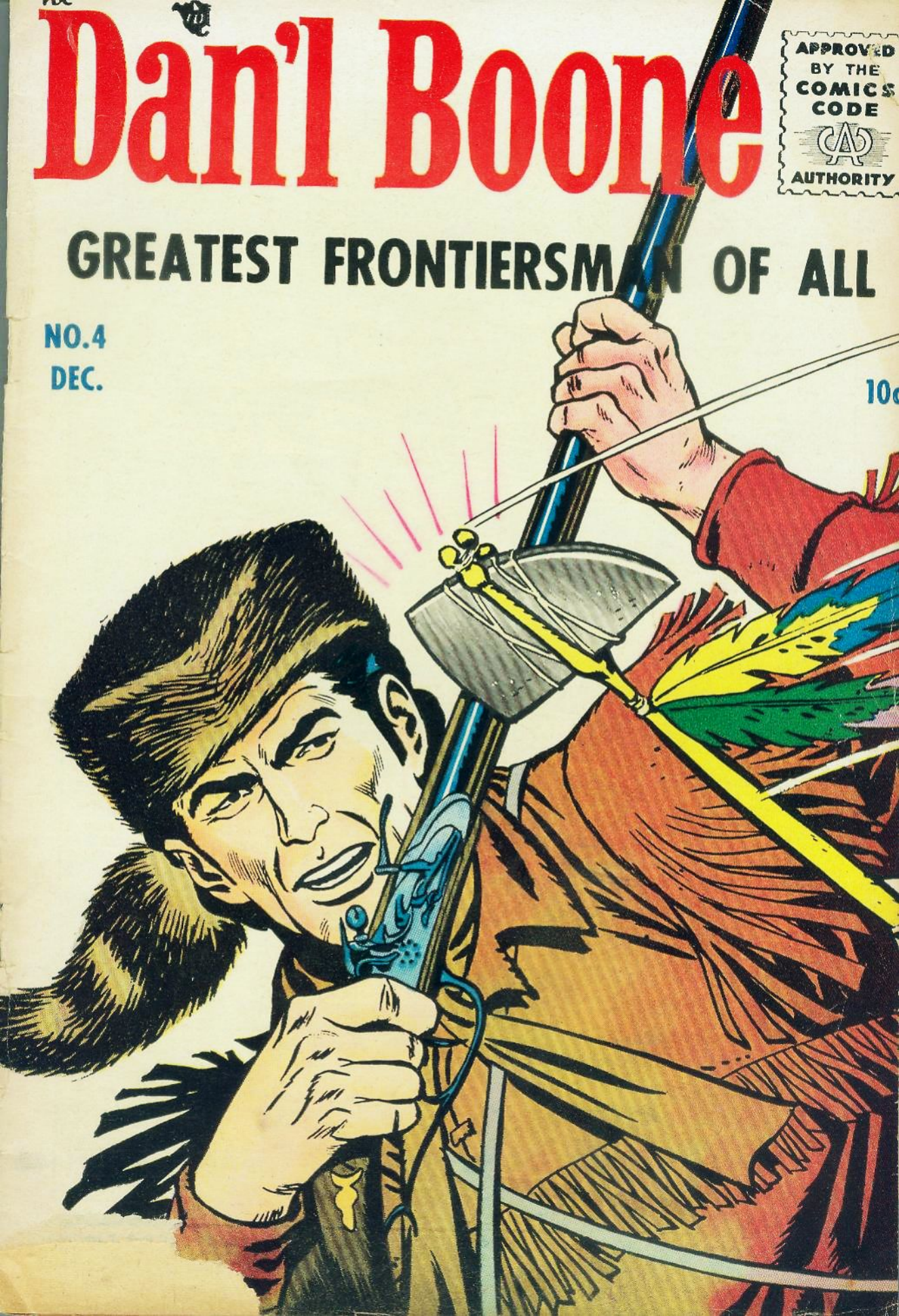
Dan'l Boone

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NO.4
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Dan'l Boone



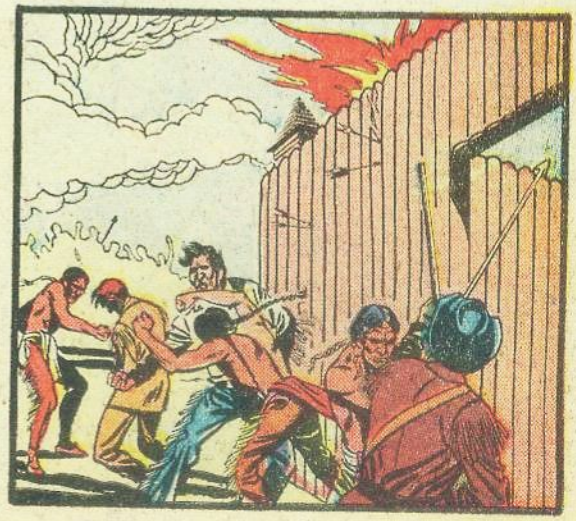
NO ONE KNOWS BETTER THAN **DAN'L BOONE** HOW CAREFUL A MAN HAS TO BE WHILE TRAIPSING THROUGH THE FOREST! NO ONE KNOWS BETTER THAN THE GREATEST FRONTIERSMAN OF THEM ALL THAT

"PERIL SHADOWS THE FOREST TRAIL"

OUT OF THE FOREST THEY COME CHARGING— SHADOWS THAT SHOW THEMSELVES TO BE FIERCE SHAWNEES ON THE WAR TRAIL!



AND BEFORE THEY MELT BACK INTO THE FORESTS...



IT LOOKS AS IF ONE OF THE SETTLEMENT FOLK HAS SLIPPED THROUGH! BUT THAT'S THE FOREST TRAIL HE'S RUNNING ON --



-AND MORE SHADOWS ARE WAITING!

PALEFACE COMES!

HU- HE WILL SOON STOP RUNNING!



BUT JUST THEN- IT IS WIDE-MOUTH* WITH HIS LONG-STICK!

KRAKK!



* INDIAN NAME FOR DAN'L BOONE.

LUCKY I HAPPENED BY JUST NOW, STRANGER! I'D HEARD-TELL THE SHAWNEES WERE ON THE WAR TRAIL HEREABOUTS...



...SO I CUT SHORT MY HUNTIN' TRIP, AND CAME BACK AS FAST AS I COULD!

WIDE-MOUTH THINKS ALL OF US HAVE RUN AWAY! HE DOES NOT SEE ME UP HERE!



HEY-THAT SHADOW!... SOMEBODY'S JUMPIN' AT ME!



QUICK AS A CAT, BOONE TURNS AND GIVES FIGHT TO THE SHAWNEE WARRIOR! BUT THEN...

MORE OF THEM!... MORE OF THEM OVER HERE!!

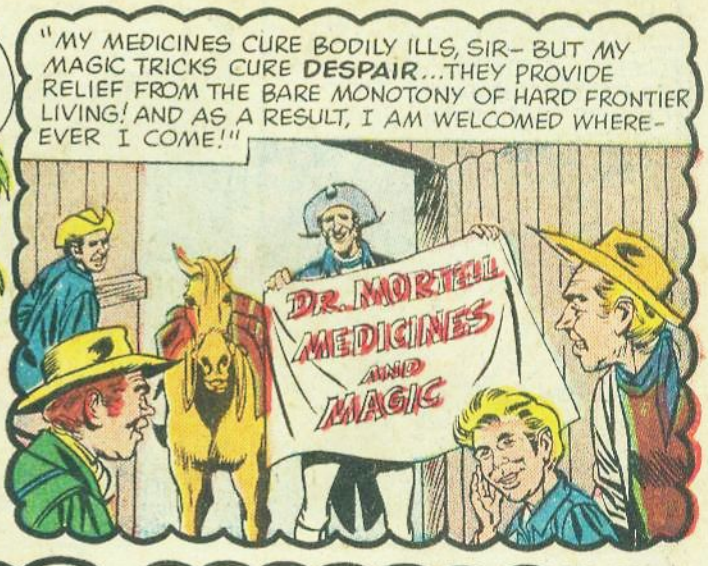



TOO BAD I CAN'T STAY TO FIGHT YE TO THE FINISH— BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE THAT STRANGER'S IN NEED OF MORE HELP!

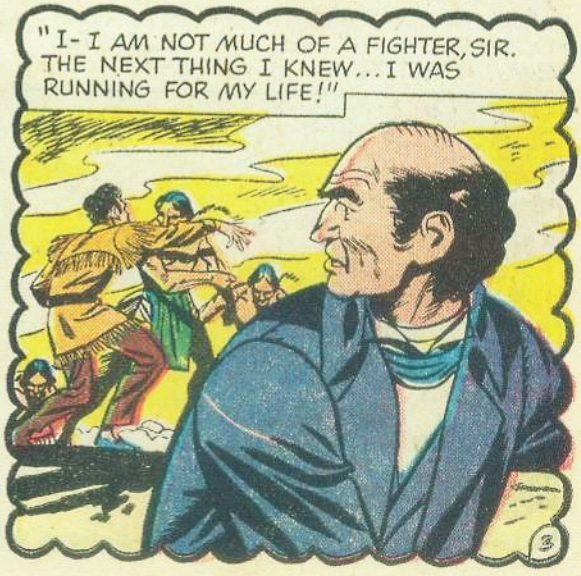

I- I THOUGHT I SAW MORE OF THEM COMING! BUT THEY MUST HAVE BEEN ONLY SHADOWS... AND NOW BECAUSE OF ME, THE ONE YOU WERE FIGHTING HAS MANAGED TO GET AWAY!
I CAN'T BLAME YE FOR BEIN' SHADOW-SHY, STRANGER...


IN THESE-HERE KAINTUCK' FORESTS NOWADAYS, IT'S RIGHT HARD TO TELL A PROPER SHADOW APART FROM A TOMAHAWK-BEARIN' SHAWNEE!


THANK YOU, SIR. DR. MORTELL IS MY NAME. I'VE BEEN TRAVELLING THROUGH THESE PARTS, SELLING MY MEDICINES AND ENTERTAINING PEOPLE WITH MY MAGIC TRICKS!


"MY MEDICINES CURE BODILY ILLS, SIR— BUT MY MAGIC TRICKS CURE DESPAIR... THEY PROVIDE RELIEF FROM THE BARE MONOTONY OF HARD FRONTIER LIVING! AND AS A RESULT, I AM WELCOMED WHEREEVER I COME!"
DR. MORTELL MEDICINES AND MAGIC


"BUT JUST NOW, SIR, AT HOGAN'S STATION WHERE I WAS PERFORMING SOME MAGIC TRICKS—"
TO THE WALLS, EVERYBODY— THE SHAWNEES ARE ATTACKIN'!


"I- I AM NOT MUCH OF A FIGHTER, SIR. THE NEXT THING I KNEW... I WAS RUNNING FOR MY LIFE!"
3

YE'VE TALKED ENOUGH, MORTELL. LET'S GET OFF THE TRAIL TO BED DOWN FOR THE NIGHT. COME MORNIN,' I'LL GET YE TO WHERE YE'LL BE SAFE.



SO THE TWO MEN BED DOWN... BUT EVEN DURING THE NIGHT, *SHADOWS PERIL THE FOREST!* AND NOW... ONE OF THE SHADOWS STALKS THE SLEEPING BOONE...!



BUT THE SIXTH SENSE THAT MAKES HIM THE GREATEST FRONTIERSMAN OF THEM ALL, CAUSES BOONE TO STIR IN HIS SLEEP! HIS STRONG HAND REACHES TO STROKE THE FAMED **TICK-LICKER** THAT NEVER LEAVES HIS SIDE!



AND THE SHADOW MELTS INTO BLACKNESS AGAIN!



IN THE MORNING — HEED MY WORDS, MORTELL, AND CLEAR OUT OF KAINTUCK'! THIS-HERE FRONTIER'S RIGHT UNHEALTHFUL FOR A MAN NOT UP ON HIS INJUN-FIGHTIN'.

I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU, BOONE! BELIEVE ME - *NEVER!*



DAN'L BOONE'S WORDS PROVE TO BE TRUE ONES! FOR IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, THE SHAWNEES STEP UP THEIR RAIDS!



ONLY **NOW** THERE IS A BIG DIFFERENCE!



FOR DAN'L BOONE IS BACK! AND BOONE SEES TO IT THAT ALL STOCKADES ARE GUARDED CLEAR AROUND THE CLOCK...!



...BOONE HAS SET UP A COURIER SYSTEM FOR SENDING RUNNERS FOR HELP AT THE FIRST SIGN OF AN INDIAN ATTACK...!



...AND BOONE HAS BLAZED SHORTCUT TRAILS AMONG THE OUTLAYING STOCKADES...



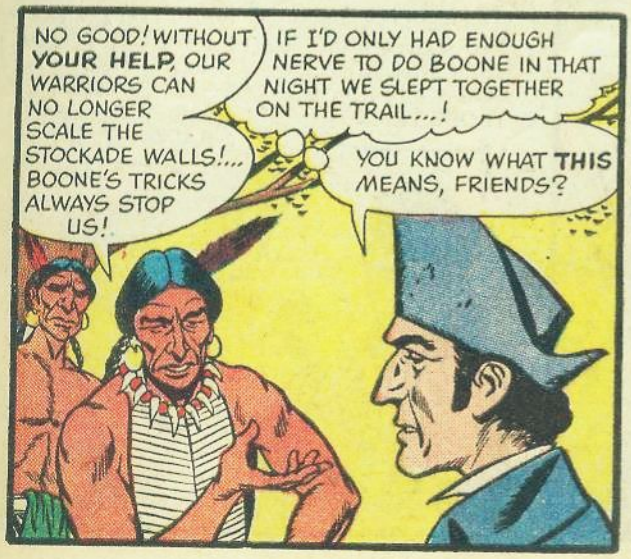
...SO REINFORCEMENTS ALWAYS ARRIVE IN RECORD TIME!

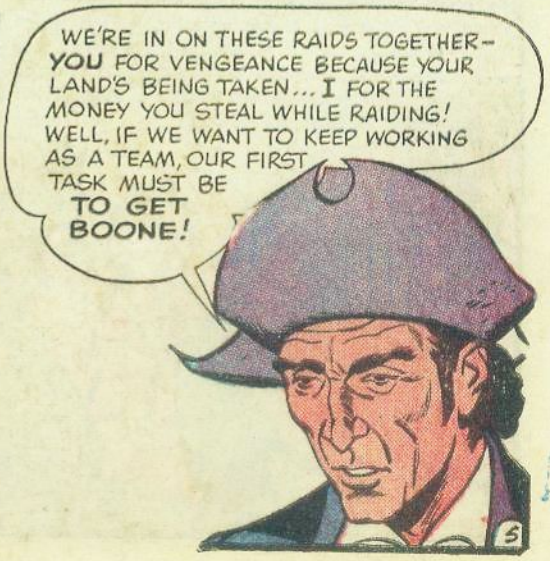


SO THE INDIANS ARE THROWN BACK AGAIN AND AGAIN! ...BUT THESE ARE STILL TROUBLED TIMES—AND IT'S STRANGE THAT A CERTAIN MAN SHOULD STILL BE TREADING THE SHADOWY FOREST TRAILS...









...I'LL GO INTO BOONESBOROUGH ITSELF! AND AS SOON AS I HAVE EVERY ENTERTAINMENT-STARVED, ABLE-BODIED MAN THERE WATCHING MY TRICKS, AS SOON AS EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM IS DOWN FROM THE STOCKADE WALLS—



"— I'LL SEND UP A FLARE!" I'LL WAGER YOU NEVER DREAMED **THAT** WAS UP MY SLEEVE, FOLKS!



"AND THAT FLARE, MY FRIENDS, AS ALWAYS, WILL BE **YOUR** SIGNAL TO ATTACK!"



BUT BOONESBOROUGH ITSELF...?

HU—THE PLAN IS A GOOD ONE! WE ARE STRONGER NOW THAN BEFORE! MANY WARRIORS HAVE JOINED US FROM THE WEST!

I SAY TOO THE PLAN IS A GOOD ONE! FOR WHEN WE ATTACK...HELP WILL NEVER COME AS FAST **TO** BOONESBOROUGH AS IT GOES **FROM** IT TO OTHERS!



AND SO, NOT LONG AFTER—

HEY— I THOUGHT **YOU'D** CLEARED OUT OF KAINTUCK'!

A SELFISH MAN WOULD HAVE HEEDED YOUR ADVICE, BOONE— BUT I FEEL THE PEOPLE NEED BOTH MY MEDICINE AND MY MAGIC TRICKS!



MAGIC TRICKS? THIS-HERE'S NO TIME FOR—

NOW, DAN'L— YE WOULDN'T BE DEPRIVIN' US OF A MITE OF PLEASURE, WOULD YE?

IT'S BEEN YEARS, DAN'L— SINCE WE'VE SEEN ANYTHIN' LIKE THIS!



LOOKS LIKE I'M OVER-RULED, MORTELL— WHEN WILL YE BE READY TO SHOW US THOSE TRICKS?

WHEN IT'S **DARK!** I HAVE ONE SPECIAL TRICK...THAT REQUIRES DARKNESS AND SHADOWS!



IT'S ALMOST DARK NOW--

I HAVE BAD NEWS FOR YE, MORTELL...

NONE OF THE WOMENFOLK CAN COME TO YOUR SHOW. THERE'S MEASLES SPREAD AMONGST THE YOUNG 'UNS...AND THEY HAVE TO BE TENDIN' 'EM!

AS IF I CARED! IT'S THE **ABLE-BODIED MEN** I WANT WATCHING ME!

THAT'S TOO BAD, BOONE!

IT'S DARK NOW! AND DR. MORTELL IS ABOUT TO START... KNOWING FULL WELL THAT HIS SHAWNEE FRIENDS LIE WAITING IN THE FOREST!

PICK A CARD! SOMEBODY PICK A CARD!

ONLY **OLD MEN** IN THE FRONT ROW-- BUT THOSE FILING IN BEHIND THEM MUST BE THE YOUNGER ABLE-BODIED MEN! THAT'S *TWELVE* SO FAR...*THIRTEEN*... *FOURTEEN*....

DR. MORTELL KEEPS CAREFUL COUNT, AND WHEN HE'S CERTAIN EVERY ABLE-BODIED MAN IN THE STOCKADE HAS EYES ONLY FOR HIM...

I'LL WAGER YOU NEVER DREAMED **THAT** WAS UP MY SLEEVE, FOLKS!

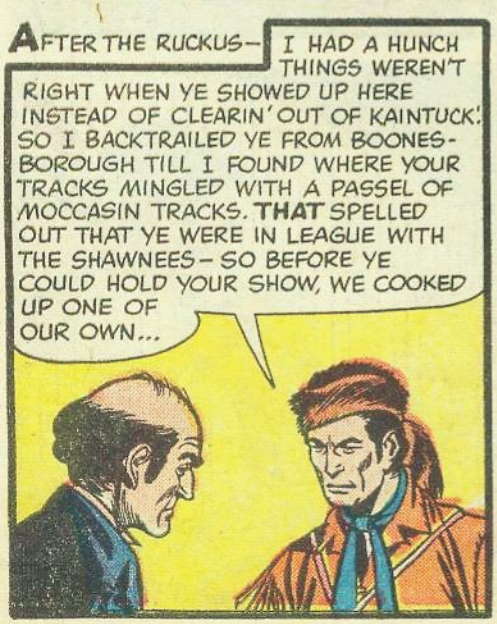
THE SIGNAL!... FORWARD, WARRIORS!


BUT SUDDENLY—
KRAKK!
KRAKK!
KRAKK!


AT 'EM, ALL YE ABLE-BODIED FRONTIERSMEN! GIVE 'EM SALT AND PEPPER!
THE WAY WE AIM TO FLUSTERATE 'EM, DAN'L— IT'LL BE A LONG TIME BEFORE THEY EVEN THINK OF THE WAR TRAIL AGAIN!


WH-WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE?
STAND FAST, DOCTOR— DAN'L BOONE SUSPECTED YE! SO HE HAD ALL US OLDSTERS STAND IN FRONT, AND THOSE WHO STOOD BEHIND US WERE WOMENFOLK DRESSED IN MEN'S CLOTHIN'!


—LEAVIN' ALL THE ABLE-BODIED MEN TO STAND GUARD AGAINST THE RAID DAN'L RECKONED WAS COMIN'!


AFTER THE RUCKUS—
I HAD A HUNCH THINGS WEREN'T RIGHT WHEN YE SHOWED UP HERE INSTEAD OF CLEARIN' OUT OF KAINTUCK! SO I BACKTRAILED YE FROM BOONESBOROUGH TILL I FOUND WHERE YOUR TRACKS MINGLED WITH A PASSEL OF MOCCASIN TRACKS. THAT SPELLED OUT THAT YE WERE IN LEAGUE WITH THE SHAWNEES— SO BEFORE YE COULD HOLD YOUR SHOW, WE COOKED UP ONE OF OUR OWN...


THERE'LL BE NO MAGIC TRICKS WHERE YOU'RE GOIN', MORTELL— JUST THE FAIR JUDGEMENT OF TWELVE HONEST ANGRY MEN IN A JURY BOX.


LATER—
WHERE'RE YE HEADIN' FOR, DAN'L?
RECKON I'LL TRAIPSE IN THE FORESTS FOR A SPELL. WITH ALL ITS SHADOWS... AT LEAST THERE, A MAN HAS ELBOW ROOM...!
The End

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Dan'l Boone

THE OHIO RIVER WAS THE PATHWAY TO THE WILDERNESS. HERE CAME THE FLATBOATS AND THE BATEAUS, PILOTED BY HARDBITTEN CAPTAINS AND CREWMEN. SUCH A ROUGH, TOUGH CAPTAIN WAS **BIG MIKE TRENT**... BUT BIG MIKE WAS MORE THAN A MERE RIVER-PILOT, AS **DAN'L BOONE** WAS TO DISCOVER. HE WAS A –

Renegade ON THE River!



FORT PITT IS THE PORT OF LADING FOR THE OHIO BOATS. HERE MEN LOAD FLOUR AND TOOLS, CATTLE AND TRADE GOODS – IN BETWEEN THEIR ETERNAL FIGHTS –



A VOICE BOOMS OUT. TWO HAM-LIKE HANDS REACH DOWN AND UP! **BIG MIKE TRENT** HAS ARRIVED ON THE SCENE!



IN YOU GO — TO COOL THOSE HOT HEADS. CLIMB BACK WHEN YE'VE GOT SOME SENSE IN YER NOGGINS, AND GO BACK TO WORK!

SPLASSSH!

BIG MIKE IS A LEGEND ON THE RIVER. HIS STRENGTH IS EVEN GREATER THAN HIS TEMPER....

WHAT'S SO HEAVY ABOUT AN **ANCHOR** IT TAKES **THREE** MEN TO HEAVE IT UP ON DECK? YE'RE HELPLESS AS BABES, I SWEAR!

HIS FLATBOATS ARE ALWAYS FIRST OUT OF PORT (NOBODY ELSE **DARES** TO GO OUT AHEAD OF HIM) AND FIRST INTO THE WILDERNESS —

AT THE NIGHT CAMPS HE ALWAYS GOES OFF ALONE. SOME MEN SAY HE WRESTLES WITH THE BEARS TO KEEP HIS STRENGTH UP...

YE CAN PLEASE YERSELVES. I'M FOR SLEEPIN' OUT UNDER THE STARS!

NO ONE KNOWS IT, BUT SOMETIMES HE DOES NOT SLEEP AT NIGHT, BUT *KEEPS A RENDEZVOUS WITH THE SHAWNEE INDIANS —!*

I'VE BROUGHT THE GUNPOWDER BARRELS AS PART OF MY CARGO. NOW WHAR'S THE **GOLD?**

CHIEF HARD HAND HAVE BETTER THAN GOLD. LOOK — I SHOW YOU!

BIG DIAMONDS! DIAMONDS THAT WE GET FROM SECRET MINE ONLY SHAWNEES KNOW ABOUT!*

*EDITOR'S NOTE: IT IS SUPPOSED THAT THIS DIAMOND MINE IS THE SAME ONE DISCOVERED AMONG THE KIMBERLITE DEPOSITS IN ELLIOTT COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

THE BARGAIN IS COMPLETE. AT DAWN —

HUH?

INJUNS!

THE SHAWNEE WARCRY LIFTS INTO THE MORNING AIR!

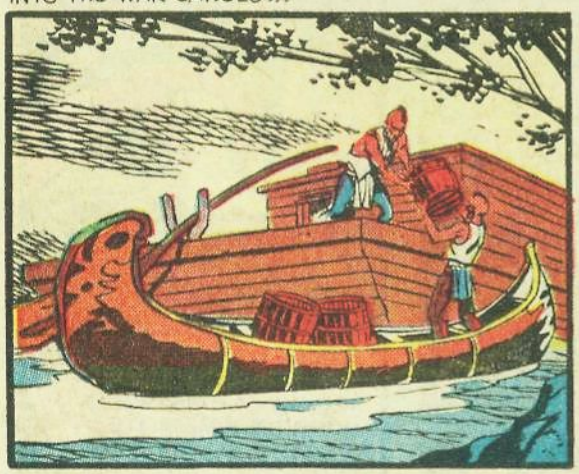




THE FIGHT IS SOON OVER. THE RIVERMEN ARE TIED UP AND MADE PRISONERS...



THE BARRELS OF GUNPOWDER ARE PUT OVERSIDE INTO THE WAR CANOES...



BIG MIKE IS LEFT ALONE – TO REFLECT ON THE PROFITS A MAN CAN MAKE BY BETRAYING HIS FELLOWS...



SOME DISTANCE AWAY, **DAN'L BOONE** IS OUT HUNTING GAME FOR THE SETTLEMENT AT BOONESBORO...

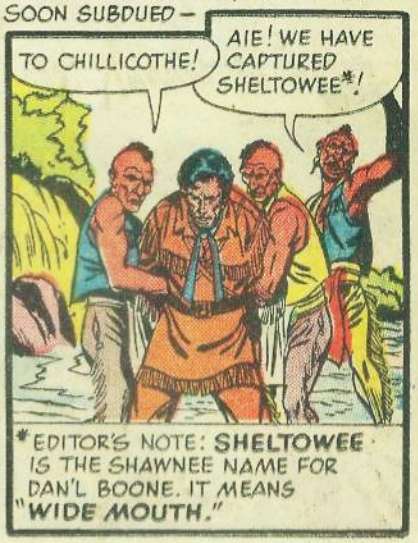








BOONE FIGHTS HARD, BUT HE IS SOON SUBDUED—



*EDITOR'S NOTE: **SHELTOWEE** IS THE SHAWNEE NAME FOR DAN'L BOONE. IT MEANS "**WIDE MOUTH.**"

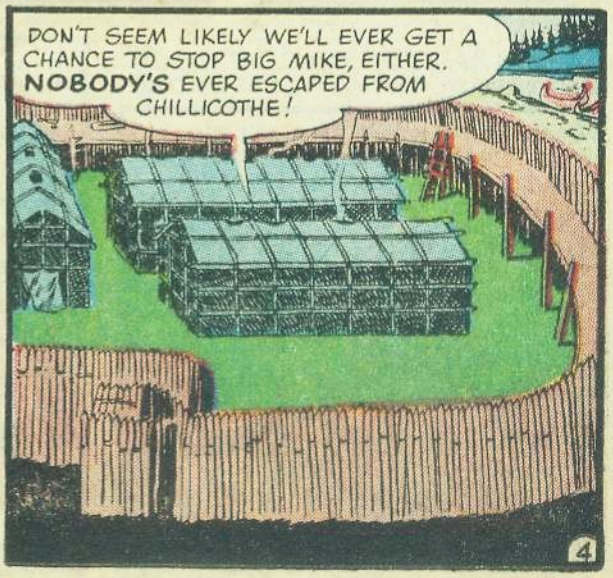
BOTH WAR PARTIES ARRIVE AT THE SHAWNEE VILLAGE OF CHILLICOTHE ON THE MIAMI RIVER...



IN THE DARKNESS OF THE LONGHOUSE,* DAN'L LEARNS THE STORY OF BIG MIKE'S TREACHERY....



*EDITOR'S NOTE: THE SHAWNEES, ALTHOUGH A NOMAD TRIBE, LIVED FOR A WHILE NEAR THE IROQUOIS, AND ADOPTED MANY OF THEIR HABITS AND CUSTOMS.



NEXT DAY, DAN'L BOONE IS TAKEN INTO THE WOODS AND PUT TO WORK WITH THE RIVERMEN TO CHOP FIREWOOD...

OUGHT TO BE A WAY TO ESCAPE, BUT HANGED IF'N I CAN THINK OF ONE!

SASSAFRAS! MEBBE WE'LL FIND A WAY OUT O' THIS PLACE YET!

LATER, AS THE RIVERMEN PASS AMONG THE CAMPFIRES WITH THEIR LOADS OF FIREWOOD—

DAN'L SAID TO DROP THESE SASSAFRAS ROOTS INTO THE COOKING POTS!

AN HOUR AFTER THE EVENING MEAL—

ALL OF THEM SOUND ASLEEP! FRONTIER DOCTORS PRESCRIBE SASSAFRAS TEA TO MAKE THEIR PATIENTS **SLEEP**. I MERELY DID THE SAME THING!

AT A RAPID TROT, DAN'L LEADS THE RIVERMEN SOUTH AWAY FROM THE SHAWNEE VILLAGE—

THEY'LL SLEEP UNTIL DAWN. BY THEN, IT'LL BE TOO LATE TO FOLLOW US!

AFTER SEVERAL DAYS' TRAVEL, THE LOG GATE AT BOONESBORO SWINGS WIDE IN WELCOME—

WELCOME HOME, DAN'L!

I WON'T BE A-STAYING LONG. I'LL BE NEEDING FOOD FOR A JOURNEY UP TO THE OHIO RIVER!

MIKE TRENT FURNISHES GUNPOWDER TO THE INJUNS. I THINK IT'S HIGH TIME HE LEARNED A LESSON!


ALONE, DAN'L BOONE SLIPS AWAY INTO THE WILDERNESS-
THE RIVERMEN SAY MIKE OUGHT TO BE REACHING THE JUNCTURE OF THE BIG LICK RIVER AND THE OHIO SOON! I AIM TO MEET HIM THERE!
SOME DAYS LATER, ON THE OHIO-
DON'T SHOOT! IT'S DAN'L BOONE!
BOYS, I CAME TO WARN YOU AGIN BIG MIKE! HE BETRAYED HIS LAST CREW TO THE INJUNS. I RECKON HE MOUGHT BE AIMIN' TO BETRAY YE TOO!
A LIE!
I'LL TEACH YE TO SAY SUCH THINGS ABOUT BIG MIKE TRENT!
BIG MIKE IS STRONG - BUT DAN'L BOONE IS NO COWED RIVERMAN TO BREAK TO HIS FLASHING FISTS!
THE INJUNS TAUGHT ME DIFFERENT WRESTLIN' TRICKS THEY USE. SOMETIMES THEY COME IN RIGHT HANDY!
AVAST, THERE! ONE O' YOU MEN GRAB AN OARLOCK - AND LAY IT OVER HIS HEAD!
I DON'T LIKE TO DO THIS TO BOONE - BUT BIG MIKE WOULD MAKE ME SORRY IF I DIDN'T DO IT, HE'S SUCH AN ORNERY BULLY!
6

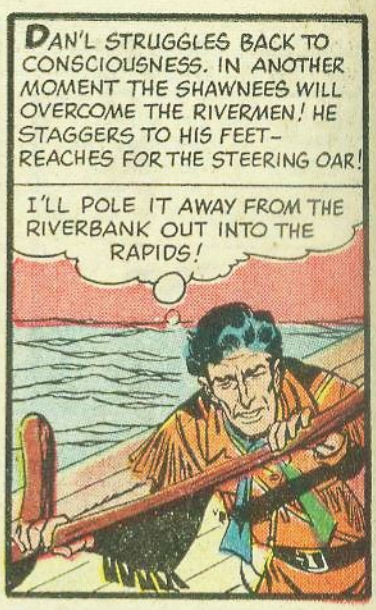
AS IF THE BLOW THAT FELLS DAN'L IS A SIGNAL—



THE INDIANS LEAP TO THE ATTACK!



DAN'L STRUGGLES BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS. IN ANOTHER MOMENT THE SHAWNEES WILL OVERCOME THE RIVERMEN! HE STAGGERS TO HIS FEET—REACHES FOR THE STEERING OAR!



ALONG THIS SECTION OF THE RIVER, THE WATERS BOIL AND STEAM IN A STRETCH OF FURIOUS RAPIDS. THE FLATBOAT BUCKS AND LEAPS LIKE AN UNTAMED HORSE!



UNUSED TO THE ROCKING MOTION OF THE BOAT, THE SHAWNEES BECOME **SEASICK!**



THE RIVERMEN TIE UP THEIR INDIAN ATTACKERS—AND BIG MIKE AS WELL!



WITH THEIR CARGO OF PRISONERS FOR THE FORT PITT AUTHORITIES SAFELY STORED IN THE HOLD, THE FLATBOAT BEGINS THE LONG JOURNEY HOME...



HI KIDS! GET IN MY DAVY CROCKETT PLAYHOUSE TENT!



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No matter how rough the kiddies abuse this heavy plastic giant Davy Crockett playhouse tent it will withstand their vicious attacks. Makers realizing how rough kiddies can be have used extra heavy plastic to ensure long, long wear. It has already been hailed by parents as a wonderful plaything creation. Your kiddies will enjoy it, too. Order yours today.

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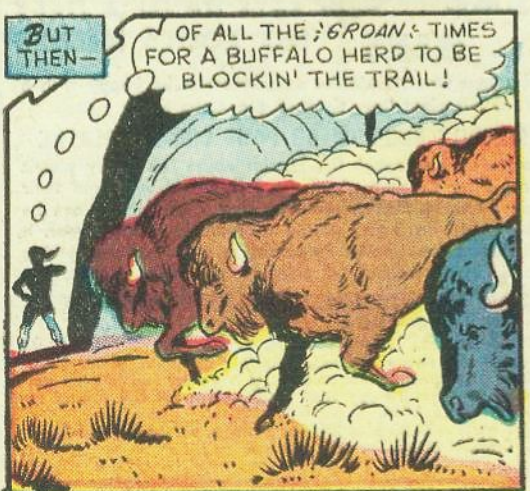
JOLLY JIM DANDY



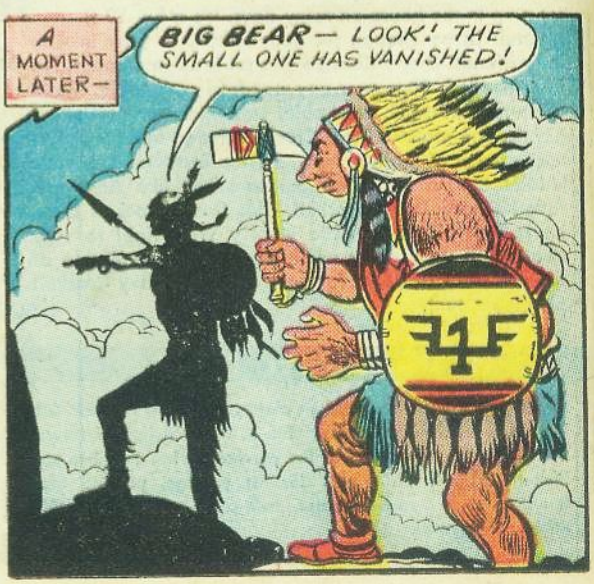


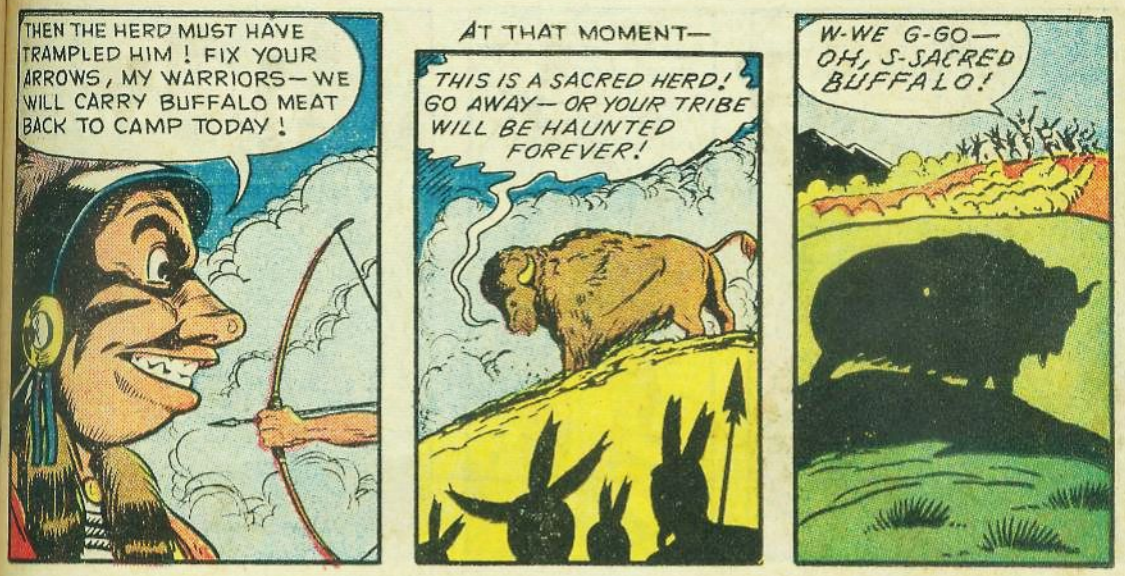






EDITOR'S NOTE: (BUFFALO HERDS RANGED AS FAR EAST AS PENNSYLVANIA IN DAN'L BOONE'S DAY.)

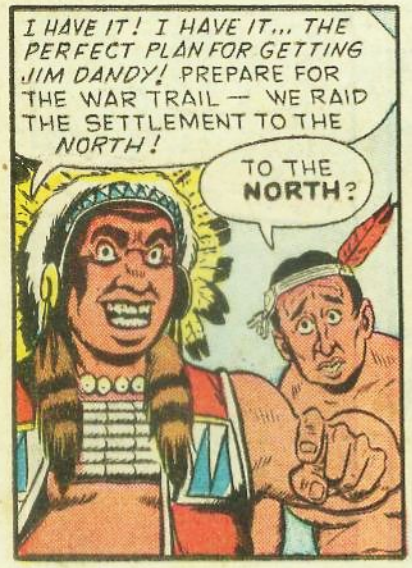








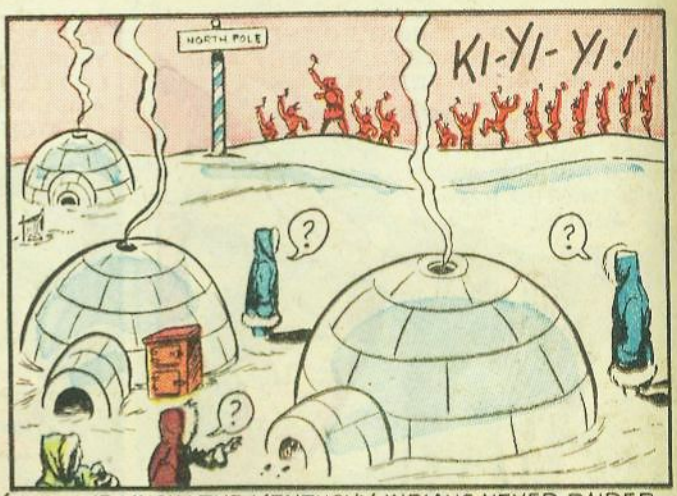
*FOR THE DETAILS OF THAT HILARIOUS ESCAPADE, SEE THE JOLLY JIM DANDY YARN IN *DAN'L BOONE, GREATEST FRONTIERSMAN OF THEM ALL*— ISSUE # 1.











(YUP— WE KNOW THE KENTUCKY INDIANS NEVER RAIDED **THIS** FAR NORTH! BUT IN A JOLLY JIM DANDY YARN, SUCH THINGS HAPPEN....)






DON'T BE GIVIN' YOURSELF UP TO BIG BEAR, JIM — WE'LL THINK OF SOME OTHER WAY TO FREE THOSE CAPTIVES!
THAR'S ONLY ONE OTHER MAN ON THE WHOLE FRONTIER WHO THE INJUNS EVER WANTED TO EXCHANGE SUCH A PASSEL OF CAPTIVES FOR— AND THAT WAS DAN'L BOONE!


AND BEIN' PUT IN A CLASS WITH HIM MAKES THIS HALF-PINT FEEL RIGHT PROUD OF HIMSELF!
POOR JIM. ONE THING'S FOR SURE, WE'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN!
BE SEEIN' YE, FOLKS!


LATER —
YOU HAVE COME TO GIVE YOURSELF UP, INSECT-WHO-NEVER-STOPS-TALKING?
I'VE COME TO FLIP YOU UP, YE OVERGROWN IMITATION OF A MOTH-EATEN BEAR CARCASS!


I AIM TO PIN THOSE LUMPY SHOULDERS OF YOURS FLAT TO THE GROUND IN A RASSLIN' BOUT THAT'LL DECIDE WHETHER I GO FREE OR NOT!
WHAT? YOU WRESTLE ME? HEE-HAW-HO-HO!


YOU WOULD HAVE LESS CHANCE THAN A RABBIT IN A COYOTE'S MOUTH... SEE WHAT STRENGTH LIES IN THESE TWO HANDS!
TREE STUMPS CAN'T FIGHT BACK, BIG BEAR... BUT I CAN!


RECKON YOUR CHIEF REMEMBERS HOW I MANHANDLED HIM WHEN HE WAS A YOUNG'UN. RECKON HE'S STILL SKEERED OF ME!
BIG BEAR FEARS NO MAN!


PREPARE TO WRESTLE!
I'M STRIPPIN' FOR ACTION ALREADY!

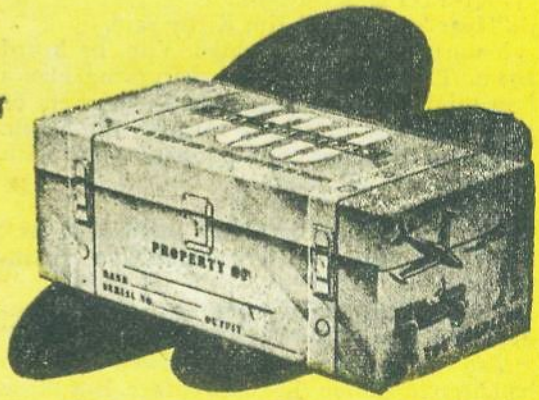

THE SMALL ONE FALLS!
HE SHALL RISE NO MORE!
ME SQUEEZE-UM IN BEAR HUG
BUT THEN—
HU?!
AND THEN—
GASP!
AND THEN—
GASP!!!
AND THEN—
GASP!!!
AT LAST—
UNCLE! FINS!
GOT YE SO TUCKERED OUT, BIG BEAR— IT'S A CINCH PINNIN' YE DOWN! CARE TO KNOW HOW COME YE COULDN'T HOLD ON TO ME? JUST SO HAPPENS, I SMEARED MYSELF WITH BEAR GREASE BEFORE COMIN' HERE TODAY!
I GIVE UP! KAMERAD! WE FREE CAPTIVES! YOU GO BACK TO SETTLENT! YOU WIN! ME LOSE!
OHHH— BIG BEAR WAS ACHIN' TO GET ME, THAT CHIEF THOUGHT MY SCALP HE WOULD STEAL!
BUT JOLLY JIM DANDY, USIN' BEAR GREASE, WAS AS HARD TO HOLD AS AN EEL!
"THE END"



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We bring you the fourth in a series of stories dealing with the early days of the frontier.

THE TUNNEL

"THEY'VE started war-whoopin'," Jim Kirby said grimly. "Listen to 'em."

There were no Indians to be seen — nothing moved out on the moon-silvered clearing that fronted the stockade. But from the black forest beyond, rose the shrill cries of numberless Indians on the war trail.

"KI-YI-YI! KI-YI-YI!"

"Hear 'em, Tad?" Jim Kirby said.

Young Tad Jones nodded. Yup, he heard them. They drowned out everything else a boy might hear in the night — crickets or birds or deers thrashing through the brush. Drowned them not with loudness — but with sheer weight of danger.

"KI-YI-YI! KI-YI-YI!"

"They sure can't be aimin' to surprise us," one of the other frontiersmen up on the parapet said.

"They know they have us far outnumbered," Kirby said. "Your rifle loaded, Tad?"

Tad nodded again. He swallowed hard. He had been in Indian ruckuses before. But those had been skirmishes out in the open — surprise meetings crammed with action that didn't leave time for thought, and over with fast.

Never like this — trapped inside a stockade, knowing they were coming, but not being able to move because they were coming on all sides. Waiting for long hours up on the parapet wall, listening. . . .

"KI-YI-YI! KI-YI-YI!"

Tad felt a soft weight on his shoulder. He looked, and Jim Kirby's hand was there. "Things are never as bad as they seem," Kirby said. "Now look straight ahead. See that clearin'? It affords us a fine field of fire. River's on the other three sides — so they can't come at us except across that clearin'. And when they come, Tad, all we have to do is pepper 'em from up here — and it'll be over before ye know it."

Tad forced a smile. "Those Indians don't stand a chance," he started saying — when suddenly the forest erupted hundreds of screaming, lance-hurling Indians.

KRAKK!

Jim Kirby had fired first. Now the others on the parapet joined in, each man on target, methodically thinning the ranks of the charging Indians.

One more fusillade — and the Indians melted back into the forest.

No more war-whoops now. No more lances. Sobered by the deadly rain of lead from the stockade wall, the Indians reached for their own rifles.

Tad was reloading up on the parapet wall, feeling fine, whistling as he was driving the charge home with his ramrod, when the ricochet hit him.

The whining bullet had the force of a giant fist. Tad felt himself falling through fathomless darkness. . . .

* * *

When he next opened his pain-blurred eyes, he was lying on a crude bunk. He frowned puzzledly — but then, smelling

smoke and hearing gunfire, he remembered. . . .

"The parapet! Have to get back up onto the parapet!" he said aloud. And he was halfway to the door when the weakness hit him, turning his knees to rubber — and he crumpled to the floor of the cabin.

How long he lay there, he never knew. He was awakened by Jim Kirby's voice saying, "Your place is in bed, Tad." And he saw that Kirby had carried him back to the bunk.

"H-how's the fight going?"

"Not too good, Tad. They've been layin' siege to us over ten days now."

"TEN DAYS?!"

"Yup — that's how long ye've been lyin' here, burnin' with fever, callin' out for help over and over again."

"Me — calling for help?"

Kirby permitted himself a wry smile. "At first somebody would always come runnin'," he said, "thinkin' maybe one of the Indians had sneaked in — but then we got to know them for fever-cries."

Tad flushed. "It wasn't bad enough," he said bitterly "my not being able to fight alongside of the others — but I had to call men away from the wall as well."

"Ye couldn't help it, boy," Kirby said gently. "Ye had the fever bad." Then, rising — "I have to be gettin' back now. The Indians are keepin' us right-busy with fire-arrows."

Suddenly Tad frowned. "What's that noise?" he said.

For a long moment Kirby stared grimly out toward where a dull steady booming rose from the forest. "For the past three nights," he said heavily, "all night long without stop, they've been beatin' those drums. Never knew them to do it before while a siege was on . . ."

* * *

Kirby had gone, and Tad was alone again. He lay on the bunk, flushing every time he thought of how he had called men down off the wall by screaming for help in his delirium . . . and then, trying to turn away from his shame, he forced himself to listen to the throbbing drumbeat that kept rising from the forest.

Then, because the listening made him remember that first night on the parapet when the war-whoops had drowned out all other sounds with sheer weight of danger, he idly tried now to see what he could hear besides the ceaseless drumming.

And it was this idle hearing game that caused his face, a few moments later, to writhe in a grimace of shock.

Because from below the stockade, from underground, he could hear the sound of stealthy digging!

Tad gasped. A TUNNEL! That's why the Indians were beating those drums — to drown out the sound of digging! And that's why they were using the fire-arrows too — to keep the frontiersmen so busy that none of them would have a moment to hear anything besides the drums! And meanwhile the Indians were tunneling their way in right under the stockade wall!

"A TUNNEL! THEY'RE DIGGIN' A TUNNEL! COME QUICK!"

Tad kept calling as loud as he could . . . and at first when no one came, he thought it meant this was all a bad dream. But then he realized his friends must be thinking these cries were the same as the others!

Instead of heeding his warning of terrible danger, they thought the fever had struck him again, and he was ranting deliriously. . . .

The sound of digging had grown louder. It was rising toward the surface, crunching upward, already far inside the wall. . . .

Tad was sobbing hopelessly now. He had tried to drag himself across the room only to be overcome by the same weakness.

The digging swelled even louder. Any minute now the earth inside the stockade would erupt Indians fluttering their fingers over their mouths and —

"KI-YI-YI! KI-YI-YI!"

The war-whoops, weak and gasping at first, rose shrilly from inside the stockade — and Jim Kirby at the head of a group of frontiersmen, came running grimly.

ment, came running grimly.

"Tad — was that YOU?! This-here's no time for jokin', boy! we thought — "

"Believe me — the only way I could make you come was by war-whooping! You wouldn't listen to anything else! . . . Now listen — THEY'RE DIGGING A TUNNEL!"

* * *

After that, Tad blacked out again. He stayed in blackness for a night and a day — and when at last he opened his eyes, he saw a vague figure bending over him. Tad kept squinting till he saw the man clearly — and it was Jim Kirby.

"That was right-quick thinkin' ye did, boy," Kirby said. "Makin' us heed ye by war-whoopin' like ye were an Indian. We heard 'em diggin' all right after ye told us — and we had time to set a charge and cause a cave-in in their tunnel. And in the mornin', a relief column came."

Tad smiled weakly. "It wasn't much," he said. "Things are never as bad as they seem."

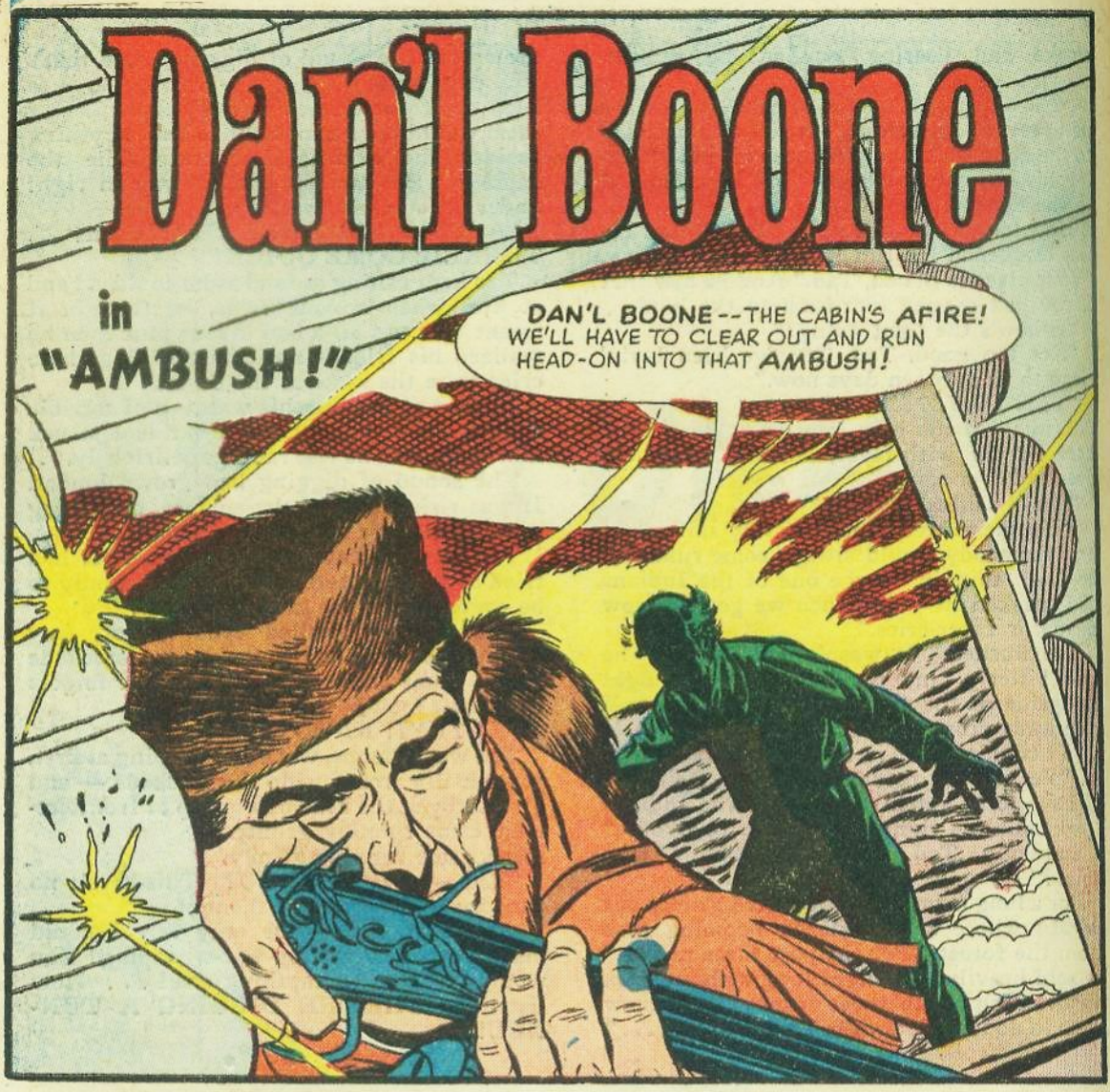
Kirby smiled back at him, knowing that Tad was echoing his own comforting words that night up on the parapet.

"Ye're dead right," Kirby said. " 'Specially when lads like Tad Jones are fightin' on your side!"

THE END

Dan'l Boone

in "AMBUSH!"



IT STARTED WITH OLD **JOSIAH BENT** FONDLING THE BALES OF SKINS AT WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS HIS **SECRET** CACHE...



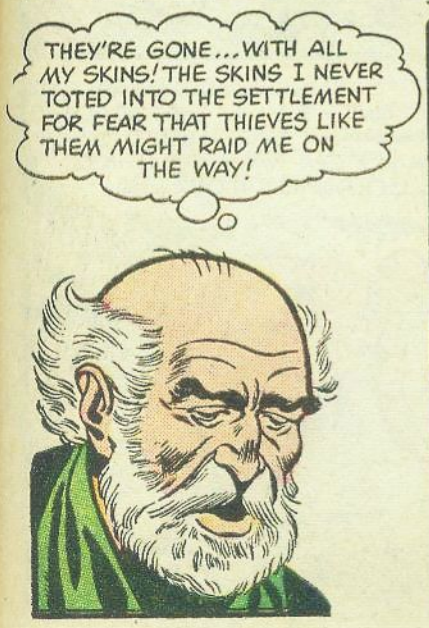



Y-YE CAIN'T TAKE MY SKINS! I'VE WORKED EVERY FINGER TO THE BONE-!
WHO'S GOING TO STOP US, OLD MAN?


ME-!
WATCH OUT!


LOOKS LIKE YE'LL HAVE TO LEARN THE HARD WAY, OLD MAN! WE'LL TAKE 'EM— AND YOU'LL LIKE IT!

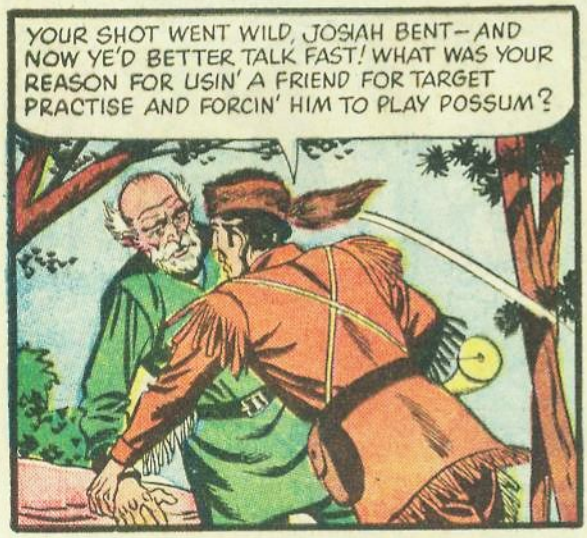

NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT HIM COMIN' AFTER US NOW!
LET'S GET MOVIN'! IT'S A LONG WAY TO OUR HIDEOUT!


THEY'RE GONE... WITH ALL MY SKINS! THE SKINS I NEVER TOTED INTO THE SETTLEMENT FOR FEAR THAT THIEVES LIKE THEM MIGHT RAID ME ON THE WAY!

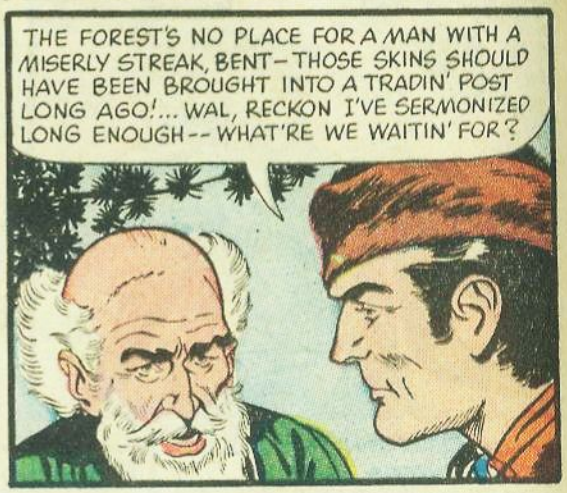

THEN-!
WHAT'S THAT?! ONE OF THEM MUST BE COMIN' BACK!... MY EXTRY RIFLE! DIDN'T REE-MEMBER IT TILL NOW!


BUT THE MAN COMING CLOSE TO JOSIAH BENT'S CACHE WASN'T ONE OF THE FOREST RUNNERS! HE WAS DAN'L BOONE...!
2





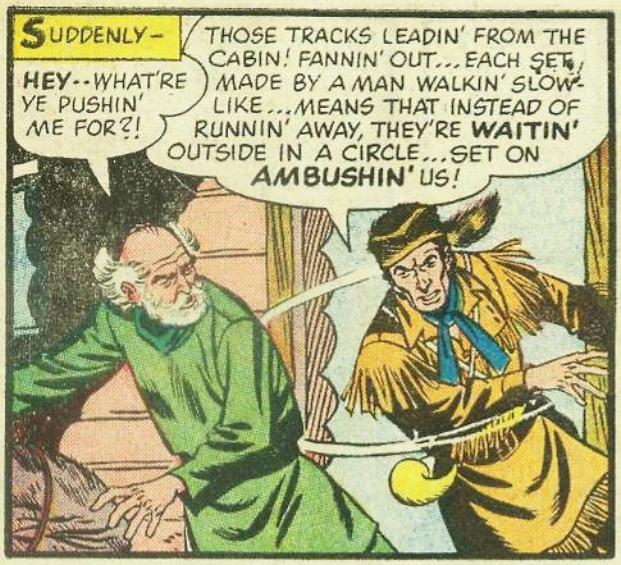
AFTER HEARING THE OLD TRAPPER OUT...








THE NEXT DAY, AT THE FOREST RUNNERS' HIDEOUT...
WHAT?! YE WERE SO CLOSE TO BOONE AND YE DIDN'T TAKE A SHOT AT HIM?
WHAT IF I HAD MISSED? BOONE WOULD HAVE SHOT AT ME...AND BOONE NEVER MISSES!
SPOTTED DOG DID RIGHT! BOONE'S TOO MUCH FOR ONE MAN TO TACKLE!
WHAT'RE YE SAYIN'- THAT WE SHOULD LEAVE THE SKINS IN THE CABIN FOR HIM...AND RUN FOR OUR LIVES?
HMMM-COULD BE BOONE WOULD EXPECT US TO DO JUST THAT! COULD BE THAT HE'D JUST STAND HERE, GRINNIN' AT THE SIGHT OF THE EMPTY CLEARIN', PATTIN' HIMSELF ON THE BACK....
I GET THE DRIFT- AND ALL THE TIME IT'D BE A AMBUSH HE'D STEPPED INTO!
...THAT'S HOW WE'LL WORK IT! WE'LL FAN OUT- EACH OF US CLIMB A TREE AT THE EDGE OF THE CLEARIN'- AND THE MOMENT I JUDGE BOONE TO BE A CLEAR TARGET FOR ALL OF US, I'LL GIVE THE SIGNAL TO SHOOT!
AND SO --
NOT LONG AFTER, AT DUSK-
LOOKS LIKE HERE'S WHERE THEY'VE TOTED YOUR SKINS TO, JOSIAH.
THERE'S NOT A BLOODHOUND ALIVE, DAN'L BOONE, THAT COULD HAVE STUCK CLOSER TO THEIR TRAIL THAN YOU!
BUT A BLOODHOUND WOULD BE SNIFFIN' US NOW... HE'D KNOW THIS WAS AN AMBUSH!
4


SUDDENLY–
HEY--WHAT'RE YE PUSHIN' ME FOR?!
THOSE TRACKS LEADIN' FROM THE CABIN! FANNIN' OUT... EACH SET MADE BY A MAN WALKIN' SLOW-LIKE...MEANS THAT INSTEAD OF RUNNIN' AWAY, THEY'RE WAITIN' OUTSIDE IN A CIRCLE...SET ON AMBUSHIN' US!

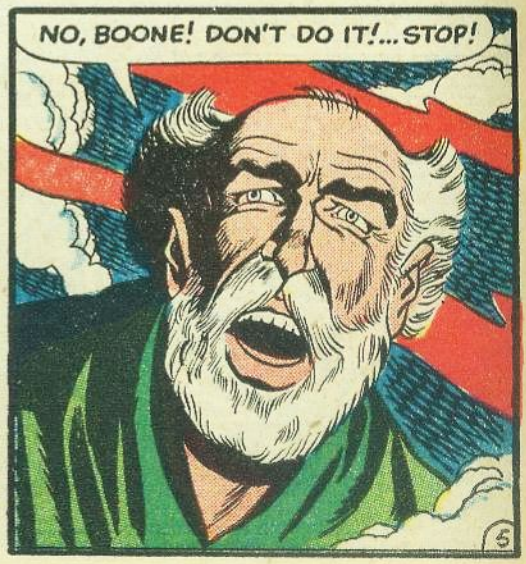

WHAT'D YE WAIT SO LONG FOR?
I WANTED TO MAKE SURE WE COULD GET HIM WITH THE FIRST VOLLEY–!
WHAT DO WE DO NOW...?


STOP WAILING LIKE SQUAWS! THE AMBUSH HAS NOT FAILED! WITH THESE FIRE-ARROWS, I WILL FORCE BOONE AND THE TRAPPER OUT INTO THE OPEN!


AND THE WAY THE WIND COMES, THE FLAMES' FURY WILL FORCE THEM TO RUN HEAD-ON INTO OUR RIFLES!




BOONE - THE CABIN'S AFIRE! WE'LL HAVE TO CLEAR OUT!


NO, BOONE! DON'T DO IT!...STOP!
5


WE'VE SMOKED 'EM OUT! SHOOT, MEN -- SHOOT!
KRAKK! KRAKK! KRAKK!
W-WE FIRED POINT-BLANK-- BUT THEY'RE STILL COMIN'!
TH-THEY'LL BE ON US BEFORE WE HAVE A CHANCE TO RELOAD!
THESE SHIELDS MADE OF LAYERS OF YOUR SKINS HAVE DONE A RIGHT-FINE JOB OF BULLET-STOPPIN', JOSIAH!
THEY SURE HAVE, DAN'L! AND TO THINK MY MISERLY STREAK MADE ME CRY OUT FOR YE TO STOP WHEN YOU STARTED SLASHIN' THOSE SKINS INTO SHAPE!
NO HARM DONE, JOSIAH - THEY'RE THE ONES YELLIN' FOR ME TO STOP NOW!
LATER- WE'LL BE GETTIN' YOUR SKINS INTO THE SETTLEMENT NOW, JOSIAH. I'M RIGHT-OBLIGED TO YE FOR LETTIN' ME CUT SOME MORE OF THEM UP TO BE USED AS THONGS FOR THOSE THAT TRIED TO AMBUSH US!
The End



We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page . . . or dozens of others, such as jewelry, radium dial wrist watches, tableware, tools, U-Make-It kits, leather kits, sewing kits, electric clocks, pressure cookers, scout equipment, model airplanes, movie machines, record players, and many others . . . all WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST. You don't risk or invest a cent—we send you everything you need ON TRUST. Here's how easy it is: Merely show your friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plaques. Many buy six or even more to hang in every room. An amazing value, only 35c . . . sell on sight. You can secure big, cash commissions or many exciting prizes for selling just one set of 24 Mottos. Write today for Big Prize catalog sent to you FREE!

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